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HOUSE and about 1 acre of land, on Jones St., Bayenna, with all kinds of improvements FOUR HOUSES and LOTS, well located in Ra-

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FARM, 36 acres 1% miles west of Ravenna Small house and good barn.

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Ho! Good people of Portage Co.

Do you want Reliable Insurance? Then go to E. M. WALLER, who has just bought the M. A. King Fire Insurance Agency—the largest in the Co.—and is now giving his entire time to the Insurance business.

Reasonable rates and honest dealing

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CAPITAL, \$100,000. SURPLUS, \$20,000. PIRST MATIONAL BANK OF RAVENNA, OHIO.

March 22nd, 1893.

We open, this week, a large and beautiful There is a little Noah's ark, with painted beasts and trees—beasts and trees—are Death desired to please her there, why didn't be take these? assortment of

Printed China Bress Silks SECOND MATIONAL BANK,

in great variety of colorings and styles-Dots, Figures &c.—in prices ranging from 35 cts. to \$1.00 per yard. ---- Also, U.S. Bondsof all kinds bought

Brocaded Rigured China Zilks and sold, and exchanged at cur-All Black-beautiful goods.

Bonds on hand for immediate Large Line Brocaded Fast Black Satines Both in French and American - beautiful goods.—SPECIAL VALUES in Fast Black beautiful tains flapped in the draught. Old Dorcas, the colored servant, went on sprinkling the pillow cases on the pine Plain French and American Satines.

. We have a new fabric, called

SILICOT SATINE

in Black, Cream, Light Blue, Navy, Garnet, Pink. A very fine, lustrous Cloth, that at first glance has almost the appearance of a Surah whites of her eyes. Silk. They are particularly adapted for Dress H. H. FIERS,

Skirts, &c —in fact, for any of the uses for nap'lis! No, Miss Lina—not wiv dis chile's consent!" which Surrahs are used. They are 7-8 of a And she rolled a thin old damask tablecloth very tightly and packed it A TTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC. Compact in a polish and German yard wide—perfectly fast in color (the Blacks objected, Agency for religion sorrespondence of the state of are acid proof), at the very low price of 25c. per yard. We are selling them quite extenattorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

> New things in Fine Swiss and Nainsook mother. I am only a typewriter and Embroideries in Match Sets

New Colored Embroideries in lovely shades of Pink, Blue, and Red, in Sets.

Black Brilliantines for Skirtings, at 25, good a figurehead as any other." TTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC. 35, 40, and 50 cents—Extreme Values.

> Unusual good values in Black Serge and Henrietta Suitings, at 50, 62, and 75 cts.

Special new colorings in Silk Trimming Brown's Bakery. Velvets, &c., to match the new Spring Goods

We are daily receiving new things in all o' de ole woman's wages, dey'll come back to ole Missus and Miss Lina." Departments, to which we invite the attention

D. M. CLEWELL

GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store AN1 SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

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To be found in one house in the State,

Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies,

FROM \$2.50 UP. In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

> W. A. JENKINS & CO., No. 8, Phenix Block.

Death's Little Girl.

The lin'e girl who died last night was such a every inch of!" and she flounced out. You would have thought that Death, instead of frowning, would have smiled;
You would have thought that he would like to see her at her play.
And that content with seeing her he'd hurry on his way.

For she was such a little thing, with hair lik-curling gold, Just big enough to laugh and play, and mere ly three years old, So innocent she tried to catch the sunbeams in her hand.

And why he wanted her himself I cannot un-There is a little picture-book that grievously

Is torn. There is a little shoe I know her little foot has

The little girl who dled last night, what can she be to him?

For Death is pictured black and stern, and pitiless and grim;

And she knew nothing of such things, for she was bright and fair.

And sweet and tender as the smile that angel faces wear.

And if he will not do these things, O, tell me, tell me why
He stopped upon his way last night, instead
of passing by;
And if he loved her less than we, from whom she now is gone. Why didn't he just leave her here and hurry -Carl Smith, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HOUSE TO LET.

"We have got to move!" sighed Selina Spencer. The wind rustled in the leafless poplar trees, the muslin curtable in the corner. "I've seen it coming this long time,"

said Selina. "The landlord has been as good and considerate as possible "De lan'lord's an old harpy!" said Doreas. "Lan'lords allays is!"

"No, he is not," persisted Selina. "We owe him eight months' rent already, and I do not know how he is ever to get his money. I would offer him the piano and the carved rosewood parlor set, if I thought they would possess any value in his eyes—in part payment, I mean." Dercas rolled up the coffee-colored

"Dat piano as was Miss Adelaide's when firs' she come from Baltimo' boardin's school!" said she. "Dat lubly

"Mamma must know nothing of this, Dorcas," said Selina, sadly. "It can be done, Dorcas. I've thought it all out," said the girl. "She must be made to suppose that she is going

to spend a few days with my employers at Newport—"
"Has dey done asked her, Miss "No, you goose! I don't suppose

that they even know that I've got a stenographer in their eyes, and render my services at so much a day. Mrs. Plinlimmon is known all through New York as a female philanthropist, but while she's helping poor immigrants ont of the slums and rectifying the slop question she don't appreciate that a well-dressed southern lady may be in sore straits. But she'll make as "Miss Lina," said Doreas, after a brief silence, during which she rolled and sprinkled, patted and folded with unceasing vigilance.

"I knows whar I could git \$4 a week for laundress or \$5 for cook. Tink o' dat, Miss Lina."
"Do you want to leave us, Doreas?"

groan. "Lord knows it's honor enough "Lord knows it ain't dat, Miss to work for de ole Spencers! But it's money we uns wants—an' ebery cent The long lashes dropped over Selina Spencer's lovely hazel eyes. "It's of no use, Dorcas," said she. "We've got to bend before the storm. Hush! Do you hear that tapping?" "Somebody knocking at de do'!" cried Dorcas. "Why on arf don't dey

ring de bell?"
"No," said Selina, detaining her as she was about to answer the supposed summons. "It's the agent putting up please will you forgive me?" the 'To Let.' But, whatever happens, Dorcas, don't let mamma know!"

She rose, and getting up her hat and cloves, went up the wide, gloomy old staircase. Doreas looked after her and shook her turbaned head. "Meks b'lieve she's pow'ful brave!" nuttered she. "Tinks ole Dorcas unno she's crying dis berry minute!

Why didn't she marry Mars George Berkeley when he axed her an' sabe herse'f all this trouble?" Up in the dimly lighted sitting-room And still Mrs. Spencer sat, a faded belle of the ing silence! olden days. The piano was open, the window was full of carefully tended plants; a pinkshaded lamp burned on the table, and Mrs. Spencer herself

was engaged in crewel work with slow, anguid fingers. "You are later than usual to-night, lina," said she, fretfully. "Perhaps our idea of a dutiful daughter is difmount of Shakspeare and Browning classes oughtn't to take so much of

your time away from your mother." he kitchen, mamma," Selina cheerfully answered. "But I'm all ready What shall I read to you until

the tea comes up?"
"Well," said the poor lady feebly,
"I'd like a few chapters of the 'Scotish Chiefs.' It was the first novel my dear papa aflowed me to read-and in opinion your Ouidas and Braddons lon't come near it."

wondered how on earth she would going to swear in the judges so that manage about showing the house to the rest of you can vote." The wothe eager sightseers who would be man was Mrs. Flora Ellis Stevens, nosure to be attracted by the legend "To tary public of Chama, who has for Let" on the morrow. "Can't go in dat ar room!" said Dor-

eas, interposing her stout figure beween the hard-featured house hunter and the door of Mrs. Spencer's boudoir. "Dat's private, dat ar!" sharply questioned the woman.
"No'm," stolidly responded Dorcas.

burst?" "No'm." "Then why can't I see it?" with a sudden push in that direction.

"Yes'm, sartin shuah!"

She might as well have attempted to charge a battery of artillery. Old Dorcas stood immovable. "Lady ain't well, mum." said she. "Can't nobody go in dat room! Tole you so afore!" "Anything contagious?" "No'm."

"Very well," said the house-hunter,

How an Invalid Husband Revenged th

wash." Stout ladies peered into the sub-cellar and denounced the drainablaze, it is especially attractive. age; lean ladies poked their parasols ere walking across the plaza. into the kitchen sink and tore off strips of the hall paper. Deep-voiced men parleyed as to the monthly rental; "Do you know," he said, "that man

fat old gentlemen asked questions in naturally I asked: What about Mann?" husky accents. The next morning, however, dovewinged peace once more settled on the field of action. The agent came up

and removed the bill. us be seated." "The house is taken," said he.
"Who's took it?" demanded Dorcas,
who chanced just then to be scouring the brasses. But the agent either did not know or would not tell. Doreas heaved a deep sigh. "Den," says she,

'we've got to cl'ar out." The landlord sent Selina a polite And will be to such a finds so strange?

And will be at care for her as we have cared in other days.

And will he love her as we loved her, in all her gentle ways?

Poor Mrs. Spencer was all in a flutter. The Newport scheme delighted her, and she was very busy looking the coming visit. Selina had written to the aunt of an old schoolmate of hers, who kept a boarding house in the fair seaside city, asking her lowest prices for a comfortable room. Dorcas was to go with Mrs. Spencer as attendant and maid, and Selina had resolved to hire a room in New York and board herself as well as she could. "But this has been a dear old home.

she murmured. . "I wonder who will sleep in my room. I wonder whose hands will strike the yellow keys of mamma's old piano, and dust my flowing blue china, and arrange the old fiddle-backed chairs."

The purple sunlight shone softly in; the scent of a stalk of hyacinths in a glass on the mantel brought back remniscences of the old southern flower gardens, and all of a sudden a voice which she had last heard in those very ardens struck on her ear. "Selina-have I startled you?"

He extended a cordial hand. "Perhaps you fancied I could not race you out?" said he. "But I am etter at hide and seek than you She courtesied haughtily. His hand-some countenance fell. Evidently he was deeply disappointed.

"Are you not glad to see me, Selina?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Selina! I had counted so much on this interview! I had planned to renew my suit-to ask you once again to be my wife."
She drew her slight figure up. You are presuming too much on

my very evident poverty, Mr. Berke-' said she. "I refused when I was "Dunno how you'se gwine to keep it Miss Spencer, of Spencer Vale. What she wished. sort of woman should I be if I were now to accept you-simply as a protection against adversity?" soul was in the words, 'I'll kill him-kill him like a dog!' With that he "But, Selina-"

"Pray excuse me from any further iscussion of the question," said Se-"May I not hope to see your mother?"

e persisted. "I should prefer not." "Do you know, Selina," he said, after brief silence, "that this is a very bitter mortification to me?" "Is it? Then what must it be to me?" she retorted, almost fiercely, looking up at him. He stood a second or two gazing sadly at her. Stung by his scrutiny she swept from the room like an an-

Half a minute later she came hurryng back, full of sweet, strange mis givings. But he was gone. "I have let another opportunity slip by!" she murmured. "Oh, heavens! where is my life drifting to?" At that moment Aunt Dorcas ush-

ered in the landlord-a fussy, baldheaded old gentleman, with a fur collar to his coat. "Good evening, Miss Spencer," said "I expected to meet the new party

"The-I beg your pardon," said Se-"The gentleman who has purchased this house and furniture," explained Mr. Beasley, "and settled it on yourself and your mother. A friend of yours, I suppose-Mr. Berkeley." Standing sadly in the shadow of the rustling poplar boughs outside, George Berkeley felt the magnetic influence of another presence. A soft voice stirred the twilight air like the far-off

music of forgotten days. "Mr. Berkeley," it said-"George!-A dead silence ensued. "Won't you, George?" with a little sob in the voice. "I—I don't mean to

speak so harshly to you. I didn't know then what I know now of your noble generosity. Silence-only silence still. "If I accept it for dear mamma's sake, you surely will not misinterpret

me. Oh, George! how can you be so cruel? Why don't you answer me? What are you waiting for me to say?" And still no word broke that haunt-"George," in a low voice, "I've changed my mind. I will be your

"Dear sweetheart!" he murmured. "Dear little melting snow wreath. I knew that love would conquer you at

When Mrs. Spencer heard of the enagement she said quietly: always thought they cared for each other, but since your master died, Dorcas, my poor head has scarcely

been itself; but make haste and finish the packing. We are going to Newport, are we not?" And so the wedding trip was to Newport .- Toronto Mail.

At the last election in New Mexico a

woman inquired of a group of men if the polling-places were to be found in And while Selina read out the trials a certain building. "Are you going to of Helen Mar and Bruce the brave, she vote?" they asked. "No, I am only recently swore in her own husband as

000 gallons more wine last year than | ilar manner.

with a forward jerk of the chin. "I THE TEXAN CHIEF JUSTICE'S STORY

The Alamo Plaza in San Antonio is a pleasing spot at all times; but at night, when the electric lights are One evening the Chief Justice and I

we just passed reminds me of Mann?" Now, I had never heard of Mann, so "To be sure! You are a stranger in

this part of Texas, and this rare bit of tragedy has never reached you. Let In every well-planned place for cest and recreation there are seats or resting places, and the plaza is no excep-

The Chief Justice chose a very comfortable one under a banana tree, and, after lighting a cigar, continued: "Mann was Postmaster in the little town of Mattoon, Ind. He had consumption, and when his term expired came down here to San Antonio.

pily, it seems.

"At the time I was practicing law.
One day Mann came into my office. I had met him before, but had paid but married you?"

himself, I suppose?"

"He did, indeed. Was he never in love with Miss Dinwiddie before he married you?"

as saffron. He was so weak it was confidential, low voice."

"You didn't catch any "'Judge,' he said, 'I'm in trouble.'
"'Tell me about it,' I said.

runs a brick-yard. He's a big fellow and handsome, not like me.'

"When Mann said this he held out his bony hands and looked at them."

"Oh, you shameless man!" she exclaimed, as he took off his overcoat and hung it on the hall rack. They were so thin you could almost see through them. "He's a widower. He used to come around my house a good deal, and I treated him kindly. Sometimes I would come home and find him there. He liked my little how and would the Dinwiddle girl." "'He's a widower. He used to come

He liked my little boy and would trot him on his knee. I used to do that, sort of way. "Yes, flirtations. Now don't pre-tend she wasn't at the old post office today when you got your dinner."
"Yes, she was there."
"Yes, she was there."
"Yes, she was there."
"Yes, she was there." but lately I haven't the strength.'

"'He fell in love with my wife, and

"Then he was seized with a cough-ing fit, the blood bubbled from his you?" lips, and I thought he would die then and there. I poured some whisky down him, and presently he was bet- what she said!"

"Yes, she did."

"Ah! Now I've got you. Tell me has subsequently serve tained his good conduct a petty officer's rating." ter. I advised him to go home and let his wife run off as often and as far as she asked me if I would take coffee or "'Judge,' he said, and his whole

went away. "Several days later I met him in the plaza. He was looking more wan and more meager than ever. But his

eves were unnaturally bright. "She came home, Judge,' he said, came home day before yesterday. I was out and when I went back she was lying on the bed, stark dead. She was fressed all in white; her wedding dress. She looked so sad and pitiful I est of women, Judge, until she fell We'd been married ten years.' "I could see he was miserable be-

rond expression and so weak he totred. He came very near to me; his of fruit, some fine fish, and fresh eggs, ace atmost against mine. "Judge," he said, 'I'm laying for im. Killing is too good for him.'
"With that he broke down, and, what with his coughing and strangling,

came near sinking to the ground. called a cab and sent him home. "That was the last I heard of him for two weeks. Then one morning I looked at the paper and read in big letters: 'Another Murder! John Mann Killed William Chase,' etc. He had crept up to Chase's brick-yard early ne morning. He was too weak to carry a gun, but he bired a Mexican to carry it for him-a big, double bar-reled shotgun loaded with buckshot.

When Chase came to work Mann rested the gun on the fence and shot "That's all of it, only that they tried Mann and I cleared him. Next day he died, and I'm raising his boy."—San Francisco Argonaut.

ANY WEAPON WOULD DO. But the Other Man Concluded that He Had Business Elsewhere.

One of the men who figured conspicuously in the pioneer days of Ne-braska was Colonel Peter A. Sarpy, a distinguished Indian trader and a nember of the famous American Fur when we saw one turn in the water Company. An old settler tells the and a portion of his white belly show following story in the N. Y. Herald above the surface as his saw-like teeth about this eccentric pioneer:

Colonel Sarpy preferred the freethe old trading posts. He was regarded by the Omahas as their Nekagahhe ravenous wolves, while we shot at evor big chief. In fact he married an ery spot of shark that showed above Omaha woman, Nakoma, to whose in- the water, until we had converted the rcessions he was more than once turquoise blue of the southern sea into ndebted for the preservation of his a sanguinary red. life when attacked by Indfans.

One night a crowd of frontiersmen were gathered in the store of Colonel Sarpy and the conversation turned upon the treatment of the Indians.

able interest. He suddenly looked up and interrupted the speaker. "This yere talk about the Indians as good and brave and intelligent may

suit your traders who have been swapping gewgaws for their valuable buffalo robes and stealing their annuities, but I have lived among them, too, I want you to understand, and I'll be hanged if they are not a lying, thieving race of dogs, who don't know the difference between right and wrong. several years administered the oath of office to all the Election and Returning Boards, precinct officers, etc., and who Boards, precinct officers, etc., and who be for the country.

Choose your weapons, sir! Bowie to the wharf. Among the subjects given out for ale's souharness such a subjects given out for your man, sir!"

Among the subjects given out for your man, sir!"

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HER HUSBAND'S FLIRTATION-It Turned Out to Be a Harmless Affal After All.

Mrs. Bellefield is very jealous of her husband, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph, and her friends know of her failing. One of them had a little fun at her expense the other day in conse quence of this trait. Toward the clos of an afternoon call Mrs. Dukane said

He left his wife and little boy in Indiana. Of course he liked San Antonio
—everybody does—and sent for his family. They lived in a little house near San Pedo springs, and very hapniv it seems.

of an afternoon call Mrs. Dukane said to her:

"Oh, by the way, I saw your husband today at the church dinner at the old post office."

"Yes? He seemed to be enjoying

little attention to him. That day his face fairly startled me. The poor fellow was wasted and withered; his eyes "Yes, and I saw her bend toward" "Yes, and I saw her bend toward glowed like coals, and he was yellow your husband and say something in a

"You didn't catch any of the conver-

Mrs. Dukane took her departure and "There's a man,' he went on, 'lives Mrs. Bellefield waited impatiently for His name is Chase, and he her husband's return home that even-

> "What's the matter now?" he asked in deep surprise.

"Flirtations!" he repeated in a dazed

"Certainly."
"Then what were you and she talkthey've run off. I am going to kill him. I pray God to let me live long enough to kill him.'

"Then what were you and she talking so confidentially about?"

"We weren't talking confidentially." "We weren't talking confidentially."

"I suppose she didn't even speak to forecastle. In the ship in which he

"She was one of the waitresses and soul was in the words, 'I'll kill him- SHARK SHOOTING IN THE ORIENT.

tween "Tigers of the Deep." "Our arrival was hailed with delight by the crew of the lightship, who placed the cabin at our disposal, and we turned in early," says a writer in Forest and Stream. "I say we (I believe the doctor spent some time that night teaching the major our national game), and was informed that he had could almost have forgiven her. Poisoned herself; and she was one of the with the major. We slept well and were up in time to see Old Sol get out of his bed in the Indian ocean and lick the hoary off our decks. After a plate with a cup of fragrant coffee, we got out our battery and watched the move ments of a clumsy lugger that the outgoing tide and the gentle morning breeze had brought down from the city with the very odoriferous carcass of a horse, which the major explained, was the decoy we were to shoot over. The dead horse was hoisted overboard and anchored about eight yards below

about for home. One of the sailors went aloft and kept a lookout from the lantern cage, while we ranged ourselves along the breast-high bulworks, rifle in hand, ready for the first flight. We had not waited long when the major said: "Now, boys, don't shoot the decoys," and the doctor said something about it being his blind; this irrelevant conversation was interrupted by a There is one! from the lockout, and we saw a sword-bladed fin shooting toward our boat at a ten-knot speed, cutting a ripple on the smooth surface of the water, and leaving a wake that flashed in the morning sunlight. We knew the game was there, but how to hit it? skins at 65 cents apiece. Thanky, kurnel. So long."—M. Quad. In a moment we saw another fin, and then another, until there were full a tugged at a great chunk of horse flesh. Crack went the major's express and a lom of prairies to the society of civil- bright red circle where the shark sank ized life and spent a great deal of his testified to the accuracy of his aim. time in visiting Omaha wigwams near The other fish did not notice the shot, but attacked the horse like a pack of

to the shooting they seemed infuriated with the blood and battled around the dead horse nextlether around the While the sharks paid no attention to the shooting they seemed infuriated dead horse until the water was lashed almost into a foam. They soon be-Sarpy portrayed in glowing colors the noble traits of the red man and the injustice heaped upon them by the whites.

A tall count-looking specimen over came so numerous that it was impossible to get a shot at any particular decree of nature. Moreover, it would decree of nature. in the corner, who was busily engaged in whittling, listened with considercreature inhabits either land or water than the shark of the south seas. When the battle was at its height

the major led us to the foredeck of the tile steamer, when we cast off from the larger one and were soon among the fighting leviathans, who apparently took no heed of our arrival, but continued to battle as viciously as before. rse, shooting every fish that appeared. Some of them would go down when hit, while others would continue ter it will be for the country.

This was too much for Sarpy. He shot killed any one of them. The advanced to the front of the speaker crew brought up some small harpoons ween the hard-featured house hunter and the door of Mrs. Spencer's boudoir. Dat's private, dat ar!"

"Anything wrong in the room?" charply questioned the woman. Sharply questioned the woman. "No'm," stolidly responded Dorcas. "Ceilings cracked? Water pipes "Ceilings cracked. Ceilings cracked. Ceilings cracked. Ceilings cracked. Ceilings cracked. Ceilings cracked. Ceilin

A Juvenile Commentator.

Prince George and the Bluejacket. When Prince George, duke of York. had the independent command of the Thrush, on the West Indian station, it fell to his lot to have to convey, as prisoner, a young bluejacket belonging to another ship, who had been hitherto a constant offender and continually on the blacklist. From his demeanor, however, and by close observation of him, Prince George came to seeds of good in the man and the making of a better career and secured his transfer to the Thrush. He had the man brought aft before him on the

quarter-deck and spoke to him as probably he had never been spoken to be-fore. He told him that he was henceforth transferred to the Thrush; that as commanding officer he put him in the first class for leave and gave him a clean sheet as regards his past of-

"I do not ask you to make me any promise as to your future behavior. I trust to your honor and good feeling alone. But remember that, by the rules of the service, if you offend again in any way, or break your leave, I have no option, but am bound to put you straight back again to that class from which I now remove you. Your future is in your own hands. You future is in your own hands. You have had no leave for twelve months. Go ashore now with the other special Go ashore now with the other special leave men. Your pay has been stopped, and no money is due to you. Here is a sovereign. I trust to you not to misspend it. You know as well as I do what you may do and what you may not do. God help you to do the right and keep you from wrong."

The man was completely overcome.

He of course answered nothing, but

He of course answered nothing, but saluted and then marched forward again. His commanding officer's con-fidence was not misplaced. During the rest of the Thrush's commission he was never once an offender, but showed himself as active, willing and smart a has subsequently served he has maintained his good conduct and attained

Didn't Fade in the Wash

We had stopped the wagon to let he horse drink at the creek crossing the highway when a woman rode up from the other way on a mule. She had a bridle made of old rope and no saddle at all, and was riding man fashion. Behind her was a bag of corn for the mill and in front four live chickens on the port side of the mule to balance a gallon jug on the star-board. It was a queer-looking outfit taken altogether, and as the woman crossed the creek and rode past us the mule brayed, the chickens squawked and the bag of corn tried to fall off backward. Each of us gave her a "howd'y" as she passed, and she kept her nerve fairly well. Two miles the other side of the creek we came to a man sitting on a stump in front of a cabin "squat." He motioned for the ehicle to stop, puffed at his pipe for half a minute, and then queried

"Rekon yo' met a woman down thar omewhar?"

"Yes," replied the colonel. "Woman on a mewl?"

"Didn't hev no saddle?"

"Was she flabbergasted or sorter ool?" continued the man after another the lightship, and the lugger stood "You mean did she act nervous and

rattled?" replied the colonel. she did not. with her ladylike appearance, "Shake!" said the man as he reached up his paw. "That's my ole woman. Jest went over to Georgy and married her two weeks ago. She han't used to we uns' ways around yere, and this is her fust trip. She was bar'fut and kinder skittish when she left home, but if she rid past you all without tak-in' a kerflop off that mewl and makin'

A Barber Talks of Beards. "Most men," said the learned French barber to a N. Y. | Sun reporter, "imagine that they can control the direc-tion in which their beards grow by shaving. That is absurd. If you will face of a baby a week old you will see that the cheeks and chin are covered with very fine, soft hairs, invisible to the naked eye. The direction in which they turn will never be changed. I the child is a male those hairs will constitute the beard when it grows to be a man. If it is of the other sex they will make the down which the poets praise. Frequently men come to me and express a desire to have the

be. All the curling irons and razors be foolish for you to make such a change even though it were possible Nature is a good artist, and if her ideas are followed the result is always good. A little training here or there may be beneficial, but the general plan of nature should be followed and not opposed. Be thankful messieurs, that you have beards, and do not try to ruin them.' So, too, I tell those with straight beards who wish to make them curly and those with cury beards who wish to have them straight. It is possible to curl straight hair and also to straighten curly hair, but the effect is temporary and more or less injurious."

Paradise for the Pipe Smoker.

In Washington a man may place his good old brier pipe in his shapely mouth and walk around smoking, acconduct would cause him to be ostracized by society. There has long been a deep-rooted prejudice against the pipe; a man might appear in public Among the subjects given out for Yale's sophomores to write about we read this: "The recrussioned this is to his remarks, snapped his pistol at the lighted candle on the table, about three paces away, and all were left in total darkness. The stranger availed himself of this opportunity to make his exit by the side door, being unwilling to serve as a target for the unerring marksman who would probably have extinguished him in a simular manner.

Two little boys were discussing scripture characters, and one of them, who took a highly moral view of things, observed gravely that Abraham was a very good man. "No, he wasn't," replied the other; "he wasn't good at all, for he oughtn't to have had two wives." "Oh," was the triumphant replied the other; "he wasn't good at all, for he oughtn't to have had two wives." "Oh," was the triumphant replied the other; "he wasn't good at all, for he oughtn't to have had two wives." "Oh," was the triumphant replied the other; "he wasn't good at all, for he oughtn't to have had two wives." "Oh," was the triumphant replied the pther; "he wasn't good at all, for he oughtn't to have had two wives." "Oh," was the triumphant replied the pther; "he wasn't good at all, for he oughtn't to have had two wives." "Oh," was the triumphant replied the other; "by, "but you know he had only one wife—the other was a porcupine."—

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I there the speaker, by way of emphasis to his remarks, snapped his pistol at the lighted candle on the table, about three paces away, and all were left in total darkness. The stranger was a very good man. "No, he wasn't," replied the other; "he wasn't good at all, for he oughtn't to have had two wives." happy .- Washington Star.